HARDING B.4(78)

A

HEALTH,

To be ſung and drank by all honeſt Britons, *upon the Arrival of his Sacred Majeſty King* GEORGE, *and his* ROYAL HIGHNESS *the Prince, at* Greenwich, *and forever after.*

Moſt humbly offer'd to the Conſideration of

Oxford,		*Brinſden,*	*Swift,*
Bolingbroke,		*Oldſworth,*	*Sacheverell,*
Strafford,		*Roper,*	*Welton,*
D' Aumont,	&c.	*De Foe,*	*Parnell,*
Codicill,		*Lawleſs,*	*Higgins,*
Peers.		*Prior,*	*Bedford,*
		Gregg, &c.	*Hicks,*
		Moore,	*Leſley,*
		Commoners.	*Gautier,*
			Trap, cum multis aliis,
			Reverend Clergymen,
			Dignify'd, and greatly
			Diſtinguiſh'd.

To the Tune of, *Fye Soldiers, Fye, why ſo melancholy, Boys.*

I.

OUR Glorious Monarch's come,
Let's drink his Health around, Boys,
In ſpight of *France* and *Rome*,
Guns, Drums, and Trumpets ſound.
With bended Knees
Give Thanks to him that ſent him, Boys,
Thrice happy we.
Down, *Tories*, Down,
Thoſe Vipers wou'd prevent him, Boys,
May he confound.

II.

A Bruſher, 'tis the Prince,
Then fill it to the Brim, Boys,
And who's the Man dares flinch,
When flinching is a Sin.
'Tis noble Wine,
Made Glorious by the Toaſts, Boys,
Great and Divine;
Tis the Right Line.
Let us carouze, and boaſt, Boys,
Whilſt Rogues repine.

M.N.H. HARDING